



NO. 1 00101
MAY 75/CDC

ALL NEW

Hanna-Barbera's

HONG KONG PHOOEY

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
CADC
AUTHORITY



HAH! HOO!

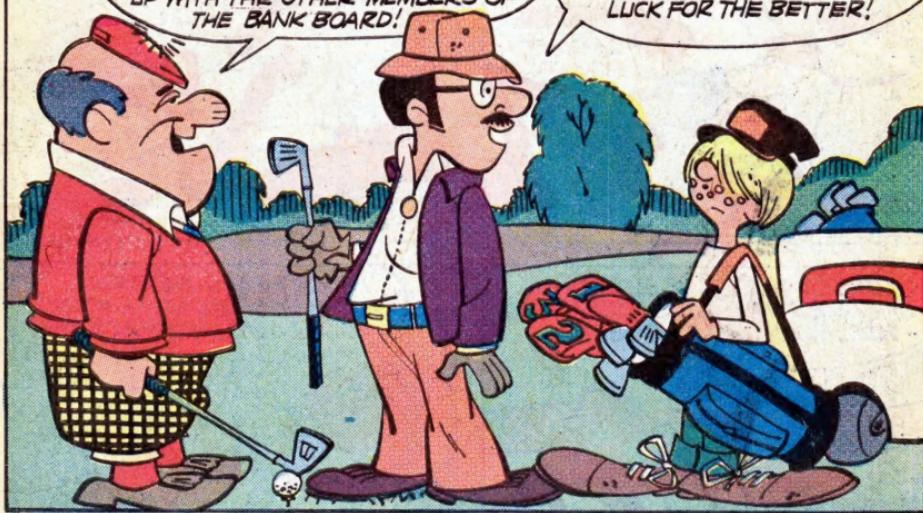


Hanna-Barbera's

HONG KONG PHOOEY - THE GIGGLER

LET'S HURRY UP...WE CAN CATCH UP WITH THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE BANK BOARD!

CADDY, GIVE ME A NEW BALL.... MAYBE IT WILL CHANGE MY LUCK FOR THE BETTER!



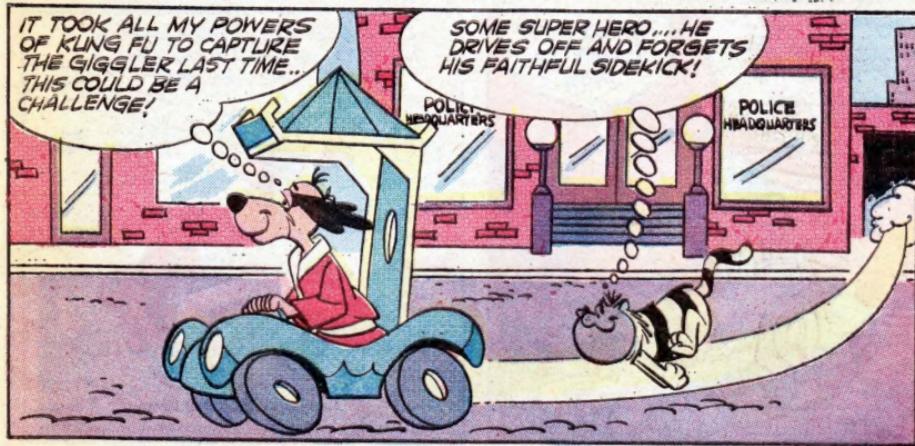
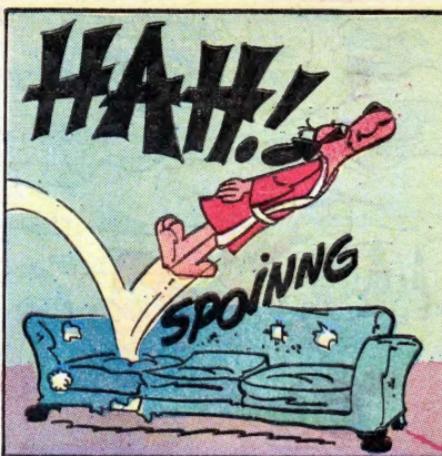
HONG KONG PHOOEY

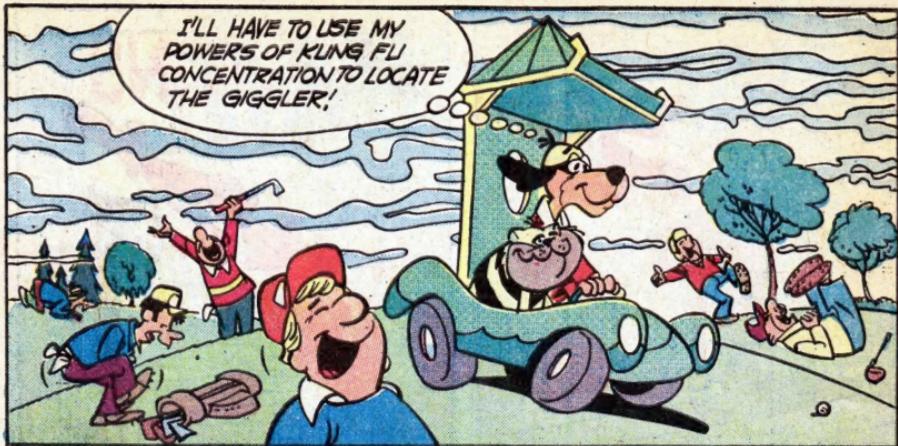


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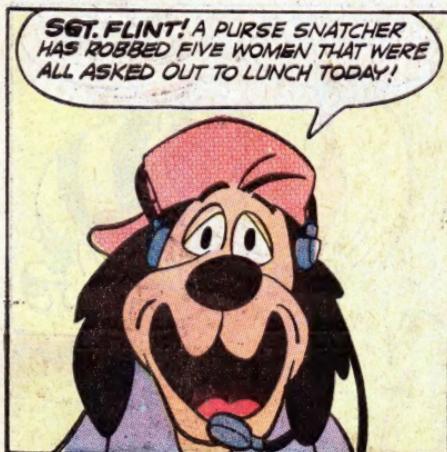


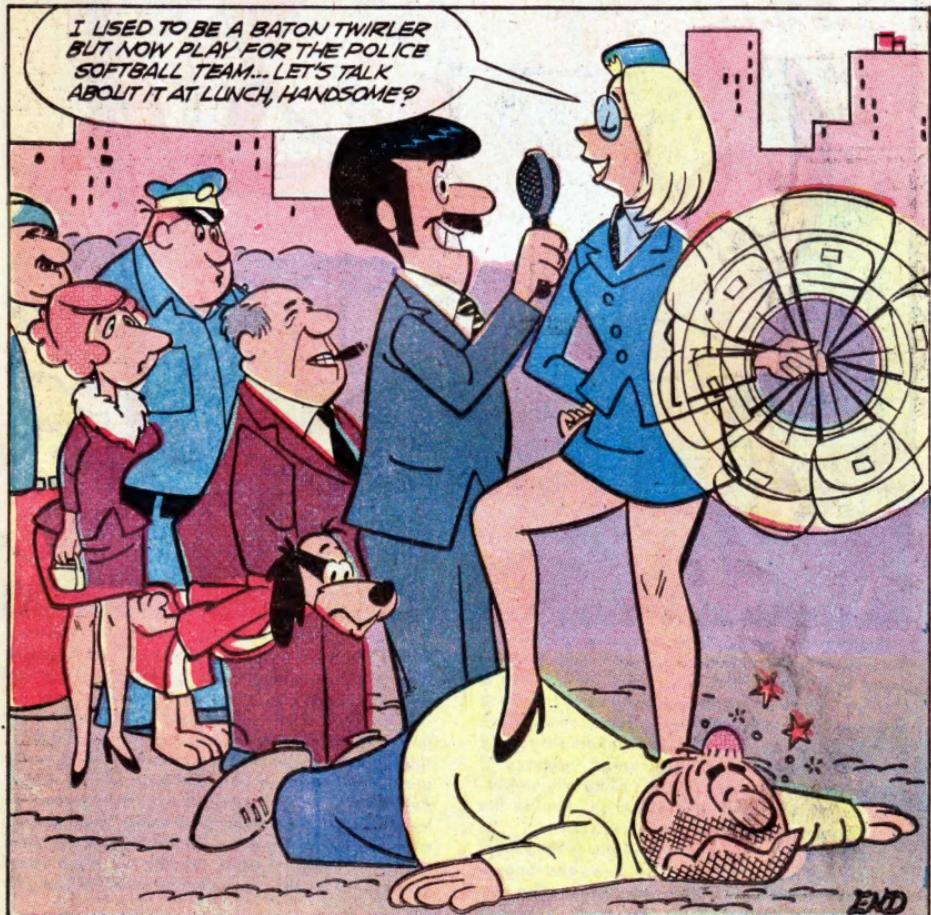
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HONG KONG PHOOEY

PURSE SNATCHERS, BEWARE!







THE LAST SHEEP

STORY: MIKE PELLOWSKI
ART: JIM HANLEY



Dimitri was a young, Greek, orphan boy. He lived in the unexplored mountains of ancient Greece. His only friend was his faithful dog, Argo. Dimitri was a shepherd. He and Argo protected and cared for a flock of sheep. The hungry sheep were forever on the move as they looked for grassy pastures where they could graze. Watching over the sheep was a thrilling and dangerous job. There were packs of hungry wolves, hideous monsters and ugly creatures roaming the unexplored mountains and valleys of Greece.

It took all of Dimitri's courage and wits to keep Argo, the flock and himself safe from the claws and fangs of these marauding beasts. Sometimes the weather was also Dimitri's enemy. There had been a violent thunderstorm during the night. The lightning and

thunder had scared the sheep. The flock had scattered during the night even though Dimitri and Argo had tried their best to calm them. The terrified sheep had run off into the woods and now they were lost.

"I hope we can find them soon," said Dimitri as he used his wooden staff to poke around inside a thorn thicket. Argo answered his master by barking loudly and wagging his tail back and forth. Dimitri stroked Argo's head. "We've been looking all morning and we have only found ten of our thirty sheep," muttered the discouraged, shepherd boy. Dimitri touched the hilt of the magic Sword of Aries. "If only the magic sword given to me by the war-god Aries could help us," he sighed.

"The wondrous blade has saved us from wolves,

serpents and even a cyclops, but it is useless now. Its great powers can't help us find our sheep," admitted Dimitri as he continued to search in the thicket. The sword which Aries had given the shepherd-boy for helping him provided no assistance this time. It didn't matter that whenever Dimitri drew the glowing blade from its scabbard he grew into a tall, muscular man with the strength of Hercules and the weapon mastery and agility of Aries. Strength, weapon mastery and agility were not particularly helpful in searching for lost sheep.

Suddenly, Dimitri and Argo both heard the sounds of sweet, flute music. The music was wonderful but sad. It had a soothing, hypnotic effect on the boy and his dog. "Let's see where that music is coming from" said Dimitri to Argo. The two friends raced off into the woods towards the source of the music. They found that the music was echoing from the other side of a giant elm tree's trunk.

They walked to the other side and saw that a giant, metal cage had fallen from the tree. Trapped inside the gigantic cage was a small man. Half of the man's



body was in the shape of a goat. The tiny man had long whiskers and curly hair. He had two horns sticking out of his head. He was playing a sad song on his flute. Dimitri immediately knew that the man was "Pan", the protector of herds and herdsmen and the god of the woods.

When Pan saw Dimitri and Argo, he stopped playing. "I hoped my song would attract someone who could free me," he explained. "A titan, which is a large giant who dwells in the earth, trapped me. He will return tonight and force me to return to the center of the earth with him. He'll make me play music to cheer him up," said Pan. "I don't want to go. I love the woods, the hills and the valleys. I want to stay in the mountains. But, I can't get out of this trap!" "I'll help you escape," said Dimitri. "How? You are only a boy. It would take twenty strong men to lift this cage," answered Pan. "Be patient!" said Dimitri.

The shepherd boy pulled the magic Sword of Aries from its scabbard. Dimitri's body started to glow as soon as the sword was unsheathed. His body began to



grow. His muscles swelled into large, tight knots of flesh. Soon, he was a man with the strength of Hercules and the skills and abilities of the war-god Aries. Dimitri grabbed the cage with one hand and lifted it into the air. He used his gleaming blade to slice a doorway through the thick metal. Seconds later, the forest-god was free. Dimitri sheathed the sword and returned to his shepherd's body. He explained about his lost sheep. Pan smiled and lifted his flute to his lips. He played the sweetest song Dimitri ever heard. The melody attracted Dimitri's sheep and soon all of the lost lambs had returned to the flock. When they were all accounted for, Pan gleefully danced off into the woods.



Hanna-Barbera's
**HONG KONG
PHOOEY**

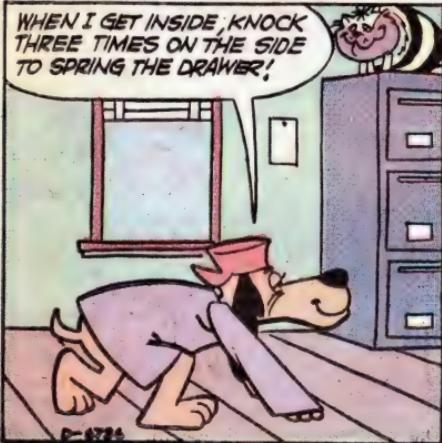
**"KNOCK
THREE TIMES"**

GET READY, SPOT.
IT'S TIME TO PRACTICE
MY SPLIT SECOND CHANGE
FROM MILD PENRY TO
HEROIC HONG KONG
PHOOEY!

JUST WHEN I
WAS RELAXING!

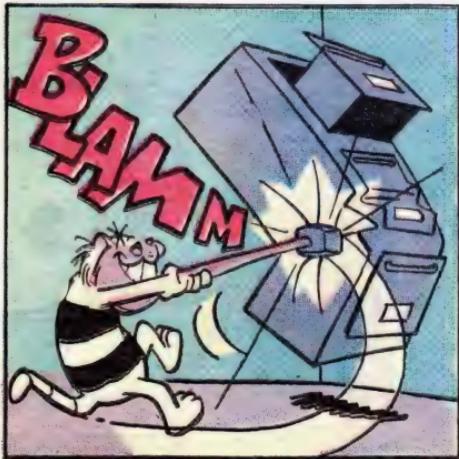


WHEN I GET INSIDE, KNOCK
THREE TIMES ON THE SIDE
TO SPRING THE DRAWER!



WOOSH

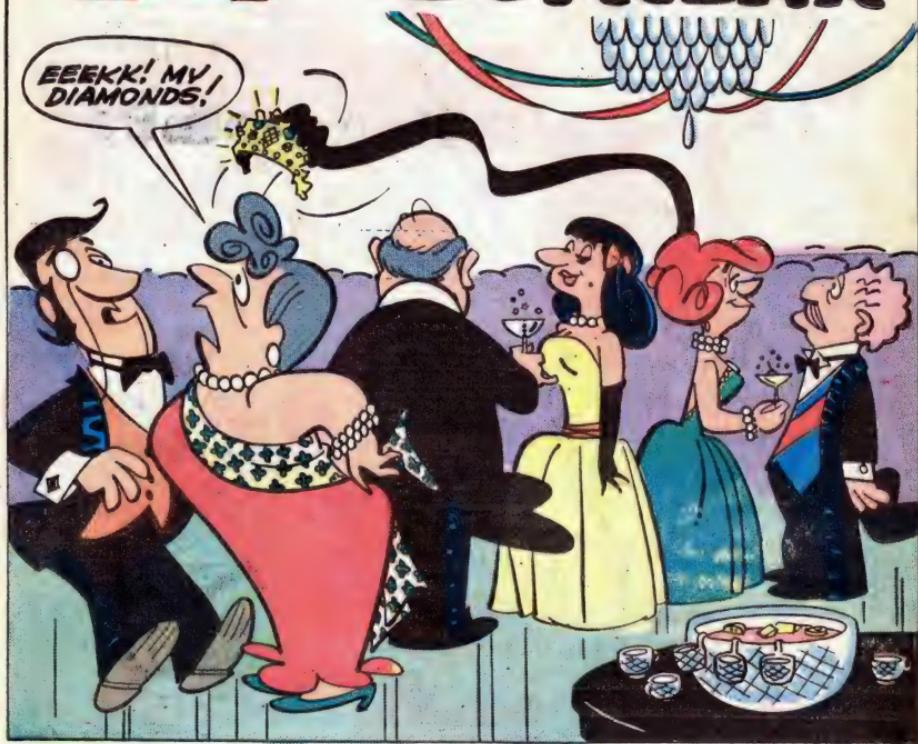


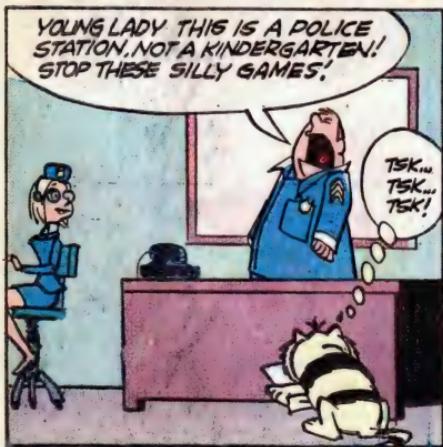


END

Home-Base's
**HONG KONG
PHOOEY**

**CAT
BURGLAR**

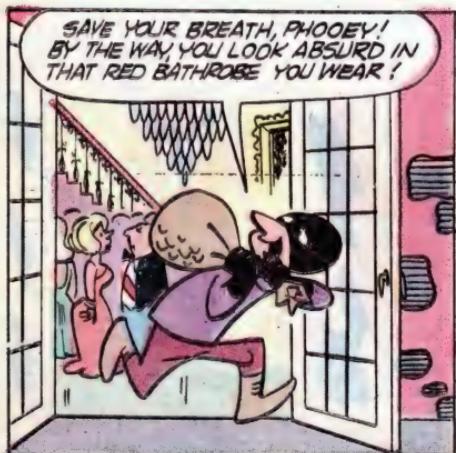




STRETCH McGREEDY'S THE NAME AND
POACHING VALUABLES MY GAME... HEH...
HEH... HEH... NOW TO PLUCK A FEW
PIGEONS!

THIS IS A MORE DANGEROUS
ASSIGNMENT THAN I
THOUGHT! A FELLOW
COULD GET CRUSHED
TO DEATH!

HE MUST
THINK I'M
A CIRCUS
ACROBAT!



MOMENTS LATER

STAND BACK, YOU BATHROBED CREEP, OR I'LL KNOCK YOUR HEAD INTO NEXT WEEK!

SURRENDER, MCGREEDY, YOUR CAREER IN CRIME IS OVER!

PARKING FOR WELL-TO-DO FOLKS ONLY



HEY, WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

I DID.... HA, HA, HA!

BWAH! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CURIOUS HOW ONE OF THESE THINGS WORKS!



I GUESS I NEED MORE PRACTICE!

I KNEW THE POWERS OF KUNG FU WOULD TRIUMPH!... FUNNY I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH OF MY FANTASTIC MOVES I PUT ON OLD MCGREEDY! ANYBODY WANT AN AUTOGRAPH?



END

HONG KONG THE DAY THE BLIMP CAME PHOOEY

GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN... THIS IS THE PINK DUKE SPEAKING... YOU HAVE EXACTLY ONE DAY TO PAY \$1,000,000 IN CASH OR I WILL DESTROY YOUR FAMOUS STORYBOOK BALLOONS IN YOUR BIG PARADE TOMORROW!

OOO...OOO...
OOO!

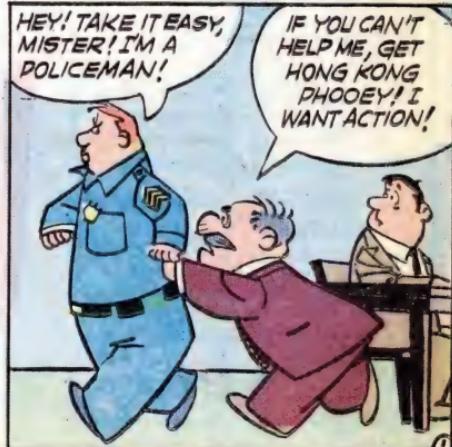


AS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, I DEMAND POLICE PROTECTION!

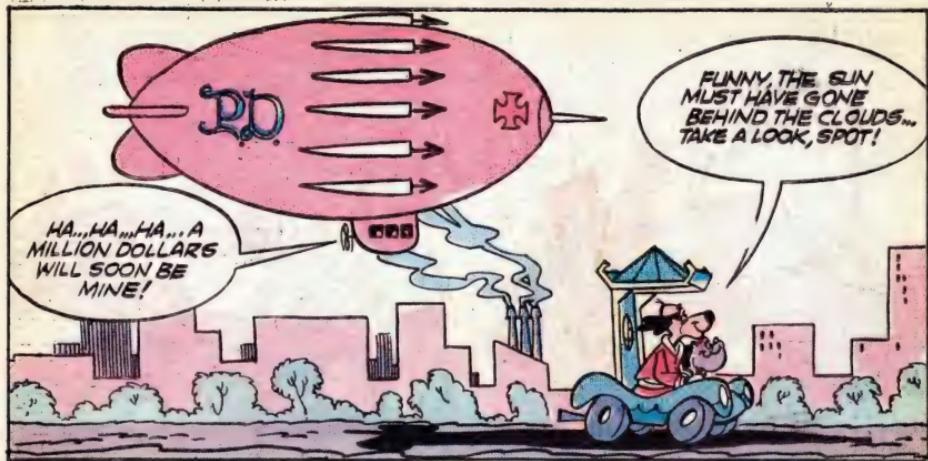
WHO IS THIS PINK DUKE?

HEY! TAKE IT EASY, MISTER! I'M A POLICEMAN!

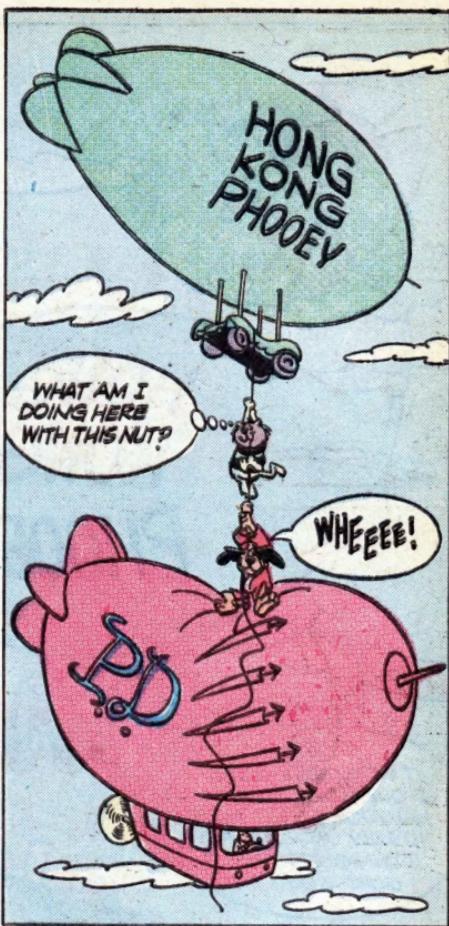
IF YOU CAN'T HELP ME, GET HONG KONG PHOOEY! I WANT ACTION!

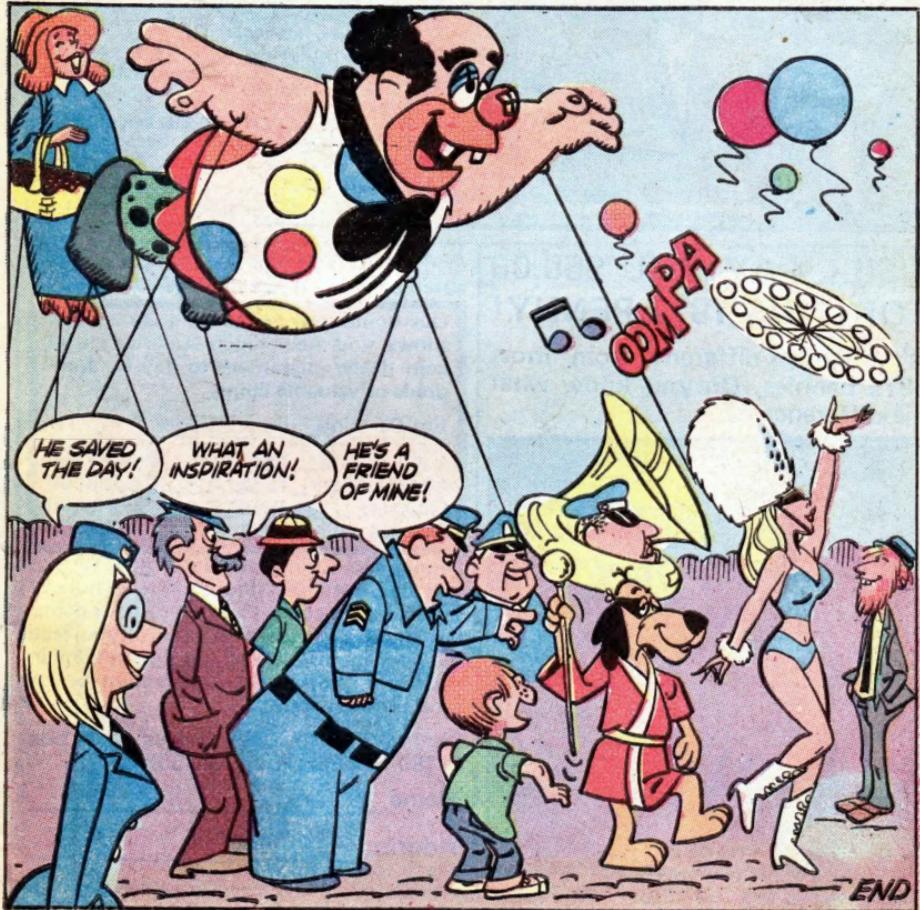
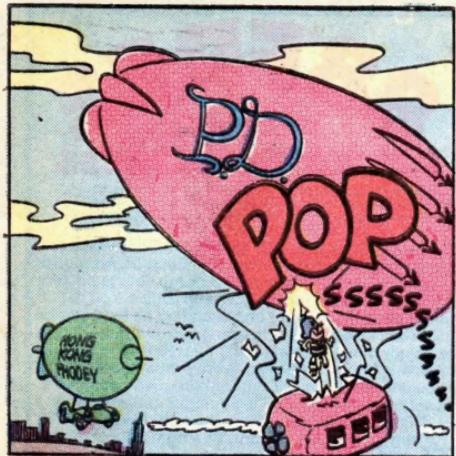












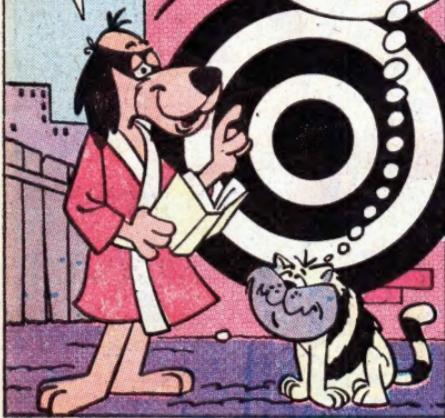
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HONG KONG PHOOEY BULL'S EYE!

PREPARE TO
WATCH THE
ULTIMATE
WEAPON,
SPOT!

ONE "WON TON
ANKLE-TWISTER"
COMING UP!

OH, NO! HERE
WE GO AGAIN!



END

Hanna-Barbera's

HONG KONG "RESCUED!" PHOOEY

